

## **“Children of the Sun”**

**Fenton Johnson**

WE are children of the sun,  
Rising sun!  
Weaving Southern destiny,  
Waiting for the mighty hour  
When our Shiloh shall appear  
With the flaming sword of right,  
With the steel of brotherhood,  
And emboss in crimson die  
Liberty! Fraternity!

We are the star-dust folk,  
Striving folk!  
Sorrow songs have lulled to rest;  
Seething passions wrought through wrongs,  
Led us where the moon rays dip  
In the night of dull despair,  
Showed us where the star gleams shine,  
And the mystic symbols glow—  
Liberty! Fraternity!

We have come through cloud and mist,  
Mighty men!  
Dusk has kissed our sleep-born eyes,  
Reared for us a mystic throne  
In the splendor of the skies,  
That shall always be for us,  
Children of the Nazarene,  
Children who shall ever sing  
Liberty! Fraternity!